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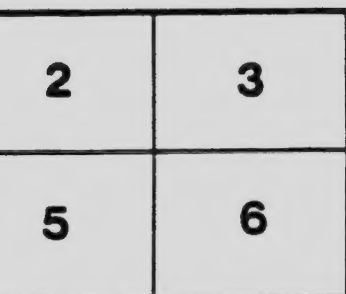
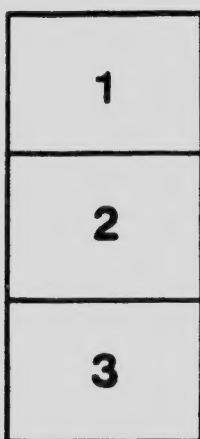
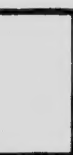
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V E R S E S
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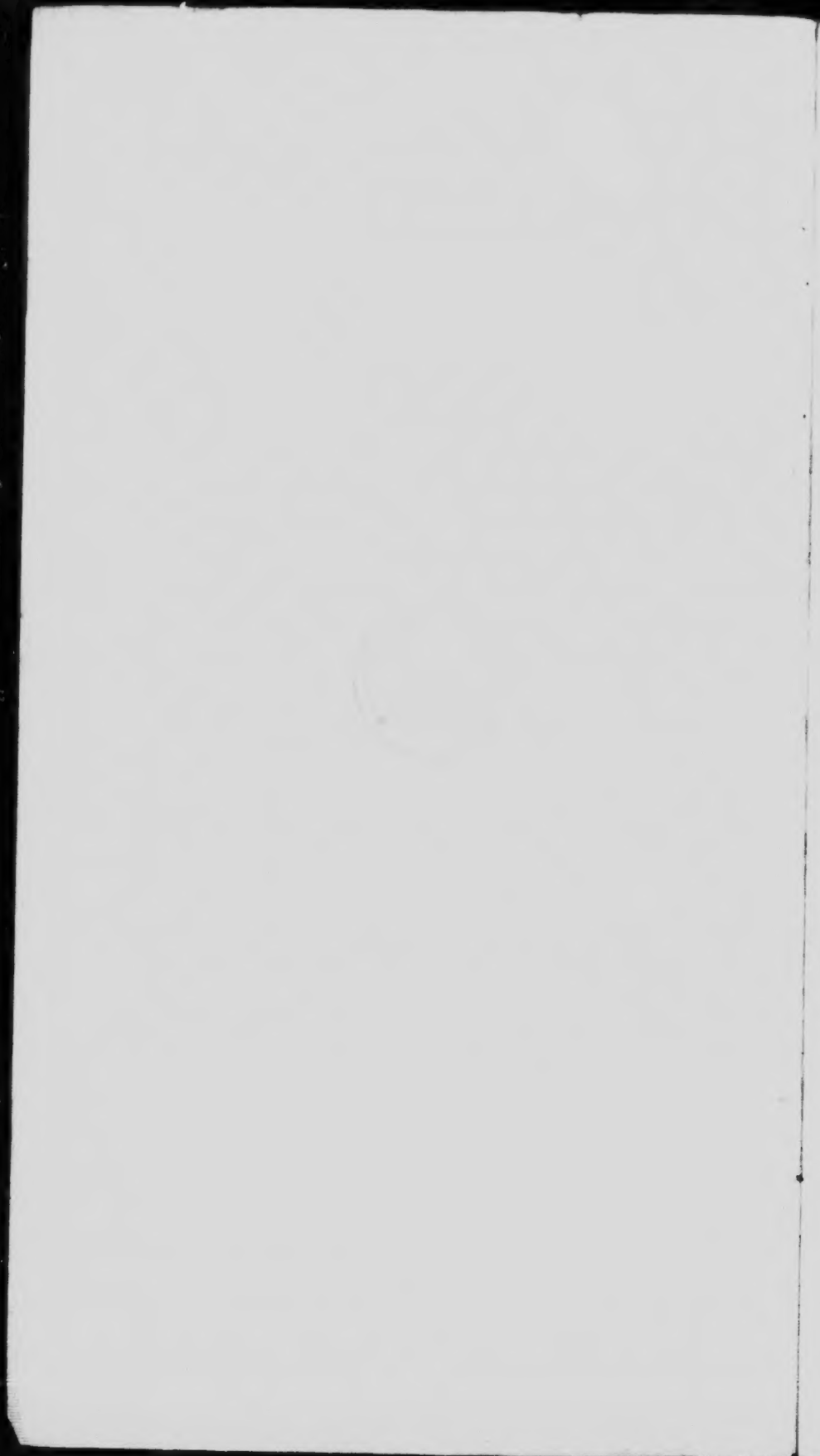
By Corporal A. AUDETTE, 22nd Batt.



VERSES
WRITTEN
IN THE
TRENCHES



By Corporal A. AUDETTE, 22nd Batt.





The Battle of Courcellette

'T WAS the 15th of September, and the
day was fine and clear ;
And the village was quite peaceful
as we drew quickly near :
First came the 22nd A Co., then B of Twenty-
five,
And we opened up a fire and not many were
left alive.
The Fritzies who were holding that town of
Courcellette
Were soon killed off and what were left we
treated to bayonet.
And when our company got relief after fight-
ing there all day
There were few of those poor Fritzies left
for them to scare away ;
And so we recovered back our land and raised
the Union Jack
And went forward with our machine guns for
we knew no turning back.

For Canadians don't lose trenches nor let
Fritzies hold them long :—

For we always get the best of them by using
our Mill's bomb.

Back in the town of Albert we rested there a
while

Pride of our great victory was certain from
our smile.

For once before at Ypres we bravely stood
the test

And once again we conquered and knew we'd
done our best ;

On the 27th we got the word to go back into
the fray

And we knew we'd have victory and again
we'd win the day.

And as we neared the town again, the shot
and shell did fly :

We pushed our way through shouting " We'll
win or else we'll die."

At eleven in the evening we started from
Pozières Hill,

" Forward was the order and those we had to
fill.

We advanced right up that morning to the
very jaws of hell

And hundreds of our infantry and officers with
them fell.

We dug in our machine guns with our en-
trenching too.

And getting into action we made the Fritzies
run like fools.

We got into their trenches safe, we got in
there to stay,

We were all eager for the fight and snapped
the Huns all day :

We took 900 prisoners and marched them
back to town

For we had our barbed wire big enough to
hold 10,000 down.

So we got back that little town for which we
dearly paid .

And it took the French Canadian boys also
the 5th Brigade.

And hundreds of our boys are buried beneath
the soil of France,

But like the rest of our brave boys went there
to take their chance.

Composed by

CPL. A. AUDETTE 22nd Batt.

Complimentary Dinner

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

Zero 7.00 pip enma.
Be ready when barrage opens.

EATS, ETC.

Lewis gun cock tail just for a starter :
Cheer oh, m'lads !

Hors d'oeuvres, pip squeaked on toast,
rum jar sauce,

Mill's Bomb Soup (passed by Censor)
Adjutant's Dressing.

ANTI GAS RELISHES

Tomatoes, Cabbage (pickled to the ears)

Celery, Nuns Alley Cukes.

Shell Dressing, Mowatt's Pickles
(He'd get 'em anyhow)

Casualty Joints (marked for duty by the M.O.)

Prime Ribs de youthful oxen

(Imported by Pringle & Co., Inc.)

Five Point Nine Spuds—au pip.

Beaucoup Legumes
(Swedish for "Have another Bob")
Creamed and Boiled pomme de terre,
Barbed Wire Peas.
Harrison Sweets (Trocadero Flavor)
Ammonia Capsule Merangue,
detonated with Lemons.
Fruits, Nuts, Smoke Bombs, Toothpicks,
Libations Coffee Noir, Tea the same way
Wines, Water, Porter drawn from the wood,
More Water, Liquers, etc.



Hints to Guests.

Walking out dress will be worn, minus caps, box respirators etc.

Don't tip the waiters—they might break the glasses.

Barrack damages will be charged for any dishes broken. The M. O. will attend to any broken heads.

Entrenching tool handles are not to be used as toothpicks. Strict quietness is requested during Lieut.—— address on the Nutritive Value of Canned Beans for Canadian Troops. After his experience in Norman Trench, much interest will be evinced in Lieut.—— address on Cylindrical Sticks vs the Mill's Bomb.

A vote will be taken upon "Bully Beef" as opposed to "Canned Chicken" as emergency rations.

O. C. "A" Co., for your information please. Tomatoes M. I. K. (more in Kitchen.)

Officers expecting to go on leave soon are advised to consult Lieut.—— who is understood to be writing a book on "London's High Spots."

Ten minutes will be allotted Lieut.—— for a talk on "Why Our Aeroplanes Don't Fall Down."

Parades Aug. 28, 1917. The 8.30 parade is cancelled and there will be none until Aug. 29, 1917. B. S. 999. Ha-ha-ha.

No Man's Land.

THE rain will help—I'm not so thirsty
now
How cool it falls upon my burning lips!
Thirst is a frightful thing—I realize
how
It drives men mad like scores of scourging
whips.

The still cool dark is better than the light !
The sun beats down so fiercely thro' the day,
It seems to burn away my very sight,
And shrivel me to nothing where I lay.

This " No man's Land " is strange—a neutral
ground,

Where friend and foe together come to sleep,
Indifferent to the shaking hell of sound—
To shell still searching for more grain to reap.

Kincaid died very well ; before he went
He smiled a bit and said he hoped we'd won
And then he said he saw his home in Kent,
And then lay staring at the staring sun.

That German over there was peaceful, too,
He looked a long, long time across their line,
And then he tried to sing some song he knew
And so passed on without another sign.

Well this won't do for me—I'd best get back,
I'm just a little sleepy, I confess,
But I must be in time, we may attack—
The lads would miss me too at evening mess.

A moment more, and then I'll make a start—
I can't be shirking at a time like this.
I'll just repeat—I know them all by heart—
Some words of hers that ended in a kiss.

Why do I seem to feel her tender hand ?
To see her eyes with all their old time light !
Is she beside me ? ah, I understand—
I think perhaps I'll sleep here thro' the night



How Four Canadian Soldiers Captured 103 Germans

"WHEN THE CANDLE WENT OUT"

A REMARKABLE incident of the Canadian advance was narrated to a correspondent by a Canadian Corporal.

With three other men he went down into the darkness of a German dug-out of large dimensions. There was a murmur of many voices from the pitch darkness of the far end. Arrived at the bottom of the steps, the flickering candlelight revealed a large ghostly looking cavern whose mysterious shadows seemed to stretch away into infinity. Then a murmurous clamour broke out from the far end, and the advancing glimmer of light showed a huddled crowd of Huns, all standing with hands well over their heads, and explaining that they were very poor men, who wished nobody any harm, least of all the brave Canadian soldiers. And then the candle went out and the subaltern yelled that if any man moved an inch, he would bomb them all to glory. The candle was relighted with some difficulty. But it was a ticklish situation.

Every one of those Huns were armed though their hands were well up at that moment. In front of the lowest steps four hated Canadians stood in the light of a candle. The subaltern knew that the advance had surged well forward before this, so that no immediate help was to be looked for. He had to think quickly and act with confidence whatever he might feel. He did so. His orderly he sent to act as guard and director of operations at the entrance to the dug-out in the trench. Then in plain and emphatic English, he ordered the Huns to advance in threes and pile their arms, warning them that he would bomb the crowd if one of them made a mistake. By threes they were all marched up into daylight and by threes the orderly above-stairs dispatched them to the rear to our own lines, with the simple warning that he was a dead shot.





The Candle Went Out

THE Kaiser particularly wanted his Bavarians to meet our troops just once. Well, a hundred of them met four--one badly wounded--in that dug-out and have survived to tell their friends in Germany what they think of the contemptable little army--some day.



The Battle of Courcellette

SEPTEMBER 15th, 1916.

THIS brings to memory the men of the 5th Brigade who were in service at the Somme. And by the people of the whole Dominion should be remembered with pride, that day which saw the capture of Courcellette regarded as one of the most important engagements of the Canadians in this great war. Cpl. A. Audette of this city, a member of the 22nd Batt., took part along with many others. He has since returned to Canada, although a little lame none the worse for his great experience on that day last year.

He said Canada should be proud of the splendid work of her sons in taking Courcellette. On the morning of the 15th little did we think that scores of our boys would be sleeping their last sleep on the shell pit ground that night and many Canadian homes would be saddened. Some will tell you that the taking of Courcellette was a small

affair. But let me tell you that when a Brigade takes part it is no small action. Usually when being assisted by a couple of our monstrous Tanks we are sure up against the real thing as crossing over thirty hundred yards of ground is no small affair. You are bound to meet with some tough resistance and the gallant 5th Brigade met it too. Men were torn to pieces, some were running mad, some were shell shocked and some were gassed, others were going ahead doing their best. You can't imagine shell after shell falling and exploding among the advancing men. Recalling that day I shall always remember my friend Capt. Silvaso who was with me in the support and who did many brave acts in caring for the wounded, and who was killed Sept. 26th, 1916. He was one of the coolest men I saw that day, when we lost seventeen out of the twenty-one.

By CPL. AUDETTE.

Charge of the Crumb Brigade.

WHEN the simple peasant wonders,
When in peace its joy and love;
Where the big guns roar in
Flanders

And the fire clouds break above
Where stands the hungry army
From the Maple arrayed,
They fight in countless numbers
The charge of the Crumb Brigade.

They bite and the red blood rushes,
For they fear no human foe,
With curses, groans and flashes
And scratch but legions grow.
It seems then an angry devil
Those cursed hell fiends made,
On our shirts and flesh they revel
The charge of the Crumb Brigade.

In the hour of Britain's danger,
We crossed the Atlantic's foam,
To fight the hostile stranger
For freedom, love and home,
We charge and the world rings glory
The flower of the Germans fade--
But in silence we tell the story
Of the charge of the Crumb Brigade.

They tear, they bite, they plunder,
We scratch, we curse and we moan
Till our flesh is rent and sunder
And misery claims its own.
On the winds our curses floating
While they bite on their fiendish raid,
Till their stomachs are full and gloating
With the charge of the Crumb Brigade.

There is joy and peace in Heaven,
At least so the sages tell
For the wicked and unforgiving
They say there is war in hell!
But when the clouds of death have fell
And the judgement seal is made,
I would face the fire of the raging hell
Than the charge of the Crumb Brigade.

Composed in the trenches by one of the boys.



Seventeen out of Twenty-one.

NO fighting corps at the front has brought more honor to Canada than the 22nd French-Canadian Batt., which has been heavily engaged in the recent actions. This corps which was raised at Montreal and was the first purely French-Canadian unit to sail for overseas, has won distinction in several big engagements. The 22nd Batt. sailed for overseas on May 20, 1915, and first went into action at Hill 60 or Zellebeek, known among the soldiers as the third battle of Ypres. Its big chance came, however at the Battle of Courcellette on Sept. 15, 1916, when it captured a most formidable German position with great dash, losing seventeen out of twenty-one officers and more than half its men.

The 22nd Batt. is one of the most popular and meritorious units at the front, its particular "chum" amongst the Canadian Corps being the 25th Nova Scotia Batt.

